

## GRAND HOT WEATHER BAR- GAINS FOR THE NEXT 10 DAYS AT THE BAZAAR.

### Just Received.....

A consignment of 1,500 fine white shirt waists. These waists comprise over 200 styles. Every waist a piece of art in itself.  
Embroidery Waists—Inserting Waists—Beautifully Tucked Waists—Beautiful effects in Sailor Collar effects.  
Linen Waists—Fine Dimity Waists—Fine Madras Waists—at prices 50 per cent. lower than any house in Paducah.  
Pretty trimmed White Waists, tucks and inserting at 75c. Other at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50.

### The Most Original Ideas in Fine Taffeta Silk Skirts and Fine Importations in Elegant Cloth Skirts.

150 Fine Taffeta, tucked all over effect. Well worth \$16.00 to \$18.00. June Sale Price \$9.95.

250 Fine Taffeta Silk Skirts, beautiful effects in fine Flannel Skirts—Fine Net Effects—X-line apple green effects. Well worth \$25.00. Grand June Sale Price \$15.

Beautiful effects in fine Broad Cloth Skirts, fine Venetian Cloth Skirts, fine Homespun, fine Linen Skirts, fine Pique Skirts, fine Denim Skirts. A nice Linen Crash Skirt, pretty trimmed at 50c, 75c, \$1.00 up to \$2.95.

### Millinery, Millinery, Millinery.

650 Fine Pattern Hats just bought at a Great Sacrifice from Our New York buyer.

250 fine Pattern Hats, well worth \$4.00. Grand June Sale Price \$2.95.

150 fine Pattern Hats, well worth \$3.00. Grand June Sale Price, \$2.50.

300 fine Pattern Hats, well worth \$6.00. Grand June Sale Price \$3.00.

A new lot of fine Straw Suits at 50c and 50c.

Our Complete Stock of Fine Hair Goods Reduced to One Half of Regular Prices.

All our \$3.00 Fine Hair Braids reduced for our June Sale to \$1.50.

All our \$5.00 and \$6.00 Hair Braids reduced for our June Sale to \$2.50.

THE BAZAAR - 215 B'dway

## .. CHEAPER THAN EVER ..

### LUMBER

M. M. STEVENS

Successor to

The RETAIL LUMBER Business

OF

F. RIGLESBERGER & SONS.

1323 South Third Street

Opposite the Riglesberger Mill. Phone 36

LUMBER, LUMBER, LUMBER.

SASH DOORS and BLINDS! SASH DOORS and BLINDS!

AT RETAIL

CHEAPER THAN EVER.

M. M. STEVENS.

## HOME BREW BEER

Is on draught at all prominent places.

## ASK FOR IT.

It is Strictly Union Made and  
Has no Superior.

The Paducah Brewery Co.

This is the season for Spring Cleaning with all House-keepers, and they should not forget to send their lace curtains along with their collars, cuffs and shirts, to the  
**Star Laundry** 120 North Fourth Street.  
Phone. 200.

## MRS. HAMILTON

Keeps the Very Latest Styles in Millinery Goods. Give her a call at  
329 Broadway. Telephone 697.

## The Smith Business College

A practical school of established reputation. Short-hand, Typewriting, Bookkeeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Correspondence, etc. Open throughout the entire year. Student may enter at any time.

Address John D. Smith, Jr.  
No. 408 Corner Third and Madison Streets.

Nothing New Under the Sun.

That's New in The Sun.

## THE LITERARY OUTLOOK.

"Reading a good book, even when it results in the acquisition of no new thought, is still a profitable task, for the reason that it keeps the mental faculties alive."

### TWO RECENT HISTORICAL NOVELS

#### "A CAROLINA CAVALIER."

The Bookman for June announces this as "the best selling book in Boston," which goes to prove that the day of "the historical novel" is not yet over. It is a very readable story of Revolutionary days in the Carolinas by George Carey Eggleston, and is most attractively gotten up, the illustrations being a delight to the eye, and an incentive to read about such charming looking people.

In his foreword, the author says that:

"Patriotism, and an unflinching sense of honor—love and heroic devotion—these alone are my themes."

And right well does he keep to his themes. The leading characters are all very fine types of the devoted patriots, who fought so nobly for the freedom of the plucky young Republic, and it is very easy to see how it was that America won so grandly in her war with won out so gradually in her war with Great Britain. Roger Alton, the hero, is quite worthy to be a "hero," with all the halo that surrounds the word.

These are fighting times, and there is fighting galore, bloodshed, adventure, romance, mystery, daring, and love, all the ingredients, in fact, that go to make the run-of-the-mill romantic novel. It is safer not to attempt an outline of the story, for the "mystery" might be revealed, and your interest be made less keen. Through much trial and tribulation they come safely through, and the ending is quite the proper one of reward and retribution.

The women are very high types of the sex feminine, and are as dainty as the men serving them to, even greater deeds, as when Jacqueline Alton facing the assembled great men, ringingly told them:

"I salute Carolina!" she cried, with head thrown back and eyes ablaze.

"I salute the United States!" she cried, with head thrown back and eyes ablaze.

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### "THE HOUSE OF DE MAILLY."

Margaret Horton Potter's "Unconquered" has aroused the interest of the reading public enough to make a new book by her a welcome event.

"The House of De Mailly," however, is very different, and shows the versatility of the young author to a great degree. It is an historical novel, but in a much lighter vein than "Unconquered," and deals with a very different age and time. The story opens in the Court of Louis XV, and all the intrigue and adventure of that time is most interestingly recounted. There you encounter Richelieu, de Chateaux, de Berry, de Maurepas, and others more or less famous—and infamous—in their day and time. You go to feel a keen interest in the young hero, Claude de Mailly, and follow his fortunes at Louis' Court with much anxiety.

Without warning the scene shifts to America, to the Baltimore of Richard Carvel, but at some earlier date, and you are delighted to breathe an atmosphere more wholesome, and to mingle in a life more simple and true than the gay court life of France. Here you meet the heroine, Deborah Travis, who is really the finest character in the book.

She is quite an unusual young woman, and is a "new woman" very much in advance of her day. The marriage of Claude and Deborah recalls him from his exile, and he carries her back to France where he creates something of a sensation at the court. There is a happy ending, but it comes a little sooner than you anticipate, it strikes you as a trifle abrupt, something omitted that you expected to be there.

The "House of De Mailly" appeared first as a serial in "Harper's Bazaar," and has recently been issued in book form, going rapidly through its third edition. As a story in contrasted social life in the middle of the eighteenth century it is especially interesting, and makes you very glad you belong to the purer, better life—the American.

### WITH THE JUNE MAGAZINES.

An unusually interesting number of the "New Lippincott" is the one for June. The novelette is a strong story of English country life by "Maxwell

Gray," who is in private life Miss M. G. Tuttle. The "Four-Leaved Clover" has for its setting the tragic winter of the Boer war, when women's souls were so terribly tried. The heroine, Marcia Ludlow, a splendid type of the frank, athletic English girl, finds it difficult to live up to the creed:

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"Trusts and Public Policy" is the opening article of the June Atlantic. It is treated very comprehensively, and will doubtless have a wide reading. "Washington During the Reconstruction" is another article of especial interest.

Hamilton W. Mabie's three-part serial, "John Foster," begins in the June "Bookman." "Nine Books of Some Importance" are reviewed. "Sculpture at the Pan-American" is an article of timely interest.

The June Scribner contains the first installment of Ernest Seton-Thompson's biography of a mountain sheep, with illustrations by himself.

### PASSING COMMENT.

There is no doubt about June being a woman. She seems to have at hand "samples" of every sort and kind—of weather, desired or undesired. She just have been storing them up through all the year. In the north-west she has furnished a remnant of a blizzard that has caused the anxious question—Weather, oh, my weather, is it thou art out of June.

Art thou clinging to December while the earth is in its June?

It is very refreshing to find a man who is willing to acknowledge to the contrary he is in reality possesses, but strives to keep as "the light hid under the bushel." He is quite willing to lay it all down at the feet of woman, but as to sharing it with her, oh, no, he has no part and parcel in it. Recently, though, an unusual thing was witnessed. Just as one of Paducah's prominent churches was being dismissed one Sunday morning, a carriage containing a bridal couple drove up to the adjacent parsonage. Of course the congregation was "lastly interested, but of them all, the only ones that had the courage of their curiosity, were two distinguished gentlemen who, coolly claiming that witnesses were needed, passed within the portals, and saw the event through. If all the world loves a lover, so it does a wedding.

There is a bright man I know who has a clever way of "getting even" with a hated rival. When the young lady to whom he is "most" devoted visits a certain city, she is the guest in the home of "the other young man," who is also in love with her. Now, it is the custom of this young man to get the late mail from the post-office box, and this my friend knows, so he always times an unusually fat letter—not stamped "up to weight," either—for that mail, that his rival may have to pay the "cents."

Now, would it not "jar" you to have to pay on the bulky and interesting looking letter from the man whom you feared, to the girl you love? Surely greater revenge than this could no man devise!

It is very curious to see how quickly children imitate the thoughts and spirit of their elders. There is a dear little boy in the city, who is not old enough to talk quite plain. He is the son of one of our distinguished local homeopaths, and attends a small kindergarten. Recently, the pupils were gathered around one of their number who had been absent on account of sickness. With vivid interest he was narrating all about his late illness, dwelling particularly upon the quantity of quinine he had taken; but here there came an interruption—

"Twins!" lisped in horrified accents the small son of homeopathy. "Why, you must be fully alopath!"

It is not recorded whether a medical war was then and there waged, but the elders who overheard the conversation were vastly amused.

All of us are apt to be confronted, occasionally, with those decidedly uncomfortable ghosts—"the things one would rather not have said," and Ministers are not exempted from such haunting "spooks" any more than ordinary mortals, it seems. It is told on a popular and brilliant minister, who is noted for his extreme politeness and cordiality of manner, and for never uttering harsh epithets at his people, that one Sunday morning he appeared before his congregation—not in this place, however—and stated that he had decided, on entering the church, to exchange the text suggested for his morning discourse, for one more appropriate to the occasion, and suited to the people, and then proceeded to announce, "Thou Fool!" as his subject. An "audible snicker" went over the church, but no one took offense. Why? was a beautiful tribute to their knowledge of him and his being above any such sarcasm. It was plain that his mind was more on the body of his sermon than the text. But was it not funny?

Girls, if you are in the habit of saying that you have not received a letter, just as an excuse for not answering it, don't do it. That may have worked in the days when "grandma" was young, and mails and minds alike, moved slowly, but now in this age of cleverness, and complete postal service, you are liable to be caught up with, as par example.

A charming young lady who has often visited Paducah wrote a note of thanks recently to a young man here, who has always been especially nice to her. Of course, he gallantly answered this, but heard nothing in return. Some weeks after he told a friend who was going to the young lady's city to ask her why

she had never answered his letter. She said she had never received it. This greatly worried him, as he did not wish to be thought remiss or rude, and, besides, it was an especially bright letter of which he was rather proud, so he decided to do a little postal investigation. He wrote to the Postmaster of the city where the letter was sent, giving description of letter, name, date, etc. After the customary delay, there came to her quite a budget of information, variously signed and attested, and tied with all sorts of red-tapeisms. The inquiry had passed from the hands of the postmaster-in-chief through various deputies, mailing and receiving clerks, to the postman of the street who certified to "the delivery on a certain date of the afore-said letter to Miss So-and-So of Such-and-Such-a-street, herself."

All this he has quietly rolled up and mailed to the young lady with the simple interrogation, "I thought you did not get my letter?"

He is now awaiting results, but is wishing that he had a kodak of her face when she receives that package.

At the meeting of the U. D. C. on last Tuesday afternoon there was some very interesting "war reminiscences" given. One lady told a little personal experience she had with General Forrest, the great cavalry leader. Forrest was a perfect military genius, whose cavalry tactics are now taught the world over, but he was rather uneducated otherwise, and quite brusque in manner, especially at the beginning of the war; his intimate association with men, the finest the South has ever produced, though, later gave him more polish.

The teller of the tale said she and a friend were very anxious to leave when they were, and join their husbands further south. They were both quite young, having married, as was the custom of Southern girls at that time, at an age when girls are now in school. They appeared before General Forrest asking for passports to their destination. The great man simply looked at them and said: "You children talking about being married! You had better be at home with your mothers."

He did not give the passports, but later sent a guard with them to see them safely through, probably on account of their youth.

While the answer was not especially courtly, the spirit that prompted it was kindly, and the ladies readily forgave him his rudeness for the sake of the tribute to their youthful appearance, to which no woman is ever inensible.

EASY TO "STING."

Well—I never knew a girl so susceptible to flattery as Maud. Belle—That's right. Jack told her that she was an angel, and she went right off and began taking lessons on a harp—Philadelphia Record.

Remarkable Caves. A recent excursion to the remarkable stalagmite caves within two hours' walk from Tampa, in eastern Africa. Passing through several chambers rising to a height of from 100 to 200 feet, he reached a vast saloon covering an area of 5,000 square yards. Millions of bats covered the roofs and interfered with the exploration of the narrow passages. One of these, killed with a stick, measured 4 feet 10 inches across the wings.

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